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The Week

THE ills of the nation are admittedly many, and either Doctor Cox or Doctor Harding will have to prescribe for them after March 4th. The rival doctors are practised hands at prescription, of an old-fashioned, carefully patented sort. They are in a position to recommend the right pill at the right time. F. P. A.—he tells us in the Tribune—has read and compared the formulae of the two candidates as they appear in their private newspapers. Do you want to know what the people of Central Ohio are taking for the relief of their imperfections? If they incline to what is advertised in Governor Cox's Dayton News, they are taking, among other things, Bro-Feren, Excelento (for kinky hair), Laxa Pirin, Leonard's Ear Oil, Vola-Sol, Mi-o-na, Beecham's Pills, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If they read Senator Harding's Marion Star, they are taking Dreco, Mayr's Remedy, Lightning Hot Drops, Hypo-Cod, D. D. D., Bear Oil, Trusler's Rheumatic Tablets, Hyomei, Mi-o-na, Vitamon and Mentho Sulphur. November 2nd is here: will it show a swing of disappointed Hypo-Coddites into the Cox column? Or will the partisans of Leonard's Ear Oil bolt to Lightning Hot Drops ?

THE country goes to the polls in moods varying from indifference to disillusionment and blind anger, after what has been one of the most joyless, futile and irritating campaigns in our history. As to personalities, Governor Cox, with all his shallowness and febrile excursions into hysteria and theology, is by several shades the superior of Senator Harding. The insignificance of the Senator's mentality prevents any very deep insight into its workings. His speeches—apparently largely the work of greater intelligences—have been inscrutably bland. His own adventures in originality, at Des Moines for example, have been nearly disastrous. The issue in the campaign? On the surface it remains the League, for which neither candidate has betrayed any genuine love, hatred or understanding. The real issue is one of irritation. Votes will be cast very much according to the degree and object of irritation. Republicans, Progressives, Independents, even Democrats will flock to Harding in disgust with the old administration and blind desire for any new one. Many will vote for Cox because the personality of the Republican candidate repels them. Many non-Socialists will vote for Debs out of protest against both Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Add the millions who will vote unreflectingly, sheepishly, according to habit, instinct or heredity, and you have the chief factors of an election whose only real interest will be in certain local elections and in figures which indicate how large is the nucleus of those who are not controlled by the fetish of party regularity. On the great issues of foreign policy there has been no contribution from the candidates. Nevertheless, insensibly, there has been a decision, which no politician has put into words, but a decision which most of them obey. It is a decision against the guarantee by force of the Treaty of Versailles. That decision,

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whatever the outcome of the voting, provides the datum time from which all those who desire a League of Nations have now to work.

AMONG the minor issues of the campaign few compare in importance with that of the reelection of Governor Smith of New York. The choice for voters lies plainly between the Republicans, who were largely responsible for the ejection of the Socialists and the defeat of the welfare bills, and one of the ablest governors New York has ever had. Governor Smith is a rare type of intelligent administrator that persons scrupulous of their liberal opinions can safely vote for. He stands out particularly for his veto of the Lusk bills, of the bill to place private educational institutions under state supervision, for his reconstruction and welfare program, and his denunciation of the ousting of the Socialists. He has combined business ability with a foresight that has small kinship with political opportunism. He laid out a reconstruction program in times when "back to normalcy" was the instinct of both Democrats and Republicans. He has seen the necessity for drastic simplification of the countless layers of commissions and boards heaped up by successive legislatures. Unafraid of popular prejudice, he has been head of a commission to raise funds for undernourished German children. It is for his welfare measures that he chiefly deserves reelection. The eight-hour day, a minimum wage for women; compensation for occupational diseases; health and maternity insurance—these are measures that go beyond mere "welfare," and Governor Smith should be sent back to Albany to develop them into the real charter of social justice of which they are small beginnings.

IN England, the threat of a railway strike has been averted, by the action of the miners themselves. Negotiations with the government continue, on the old basis: the miners want a two-shilling raise at once, and will dig more coal afterwards; the government and the owners promise the raise, as soon as a certain level of production has been reached. The difference between these two positions is largely a question of trust. Would not the government grant the two shillings if it really believed Mr. Smillie's promise of an increase of 20,000,000 tons within four or five months? The miners know what difficulties the owners have placed in the way of increased production by working the poorer seams and withholding capital for improvements. Where would they stand if they felt sure the owners would genuinely cooperate with them in getting out more coal? What is the practical solution? Mr. Brace, a miners' leader, suggested in Parliament that a national wages board be set up to determine the basis of division of the returns of the coal industry among the miners, owners and government and that, pending its report, the miners be given their two shillings. Lloyd George would have found much support in the ranks of his own government had he accepted this offer. But he considered such a settlement only a postponement of trouble. Would any settlement that fell much short of the miners' present demands—so much more moderate than the original ones—be, in the present mood of the men, anything but a postponement? As Mr. Brace pointed out, a victory for the government that left the miners embittered would be no victory at all.

REASON and patience have so far dominated the British coal strike negotiations. Miners' leaders and the government are calm. Explosive forces lurk in the background. Each camp contains its jingoes, and some spark might set aflame their bitterness to wreck what peace remains. Among manufacturers, and in the government that quite effectively represents them, run strong undercurrents of feeling that now or never is the time to give the dangerous Hydra of Trade Unionism its death-blow And not a few in the ranks of labor, of course, think this the moment for capitalism's coup de grace. Among the miners there are many who have celebrated the strike as a holiday by playing football; there are others who demand that all labor necessary to keep the mines from flood and ruin be withdrawn, and a few, in Scotland chiefly, are suspected of "Soviet"-like desires and plans to seize the mines altogether. The government threatened, and even prepared an emergency act to revive war-time executive powers, but later saw fit to withdraw it. The whole struggle presents the strange spectacle of a gigantic industrial war with scarcely any casualties.

THE death of Terence MacSwiney on the 74th day of his hunger strike brings British mismanagement of Irish affairs to a pass from which retreat seems impossible and any road ahead will be barred by redoubled bitterness and hatred. Once embarked on a fatal policy of coercion, the British government could not release MacSwiney without abandoning the whole policy of force of which this one measure was an inevitable servant. Great Britain would have considered MacSwiney's release a confession of weakness. But to allow him to die when it must have realized the disastrous result such an event would have on an already desperate situation is not the sort of thing a really strong government, convinced of the justice and expediency of its course, chooses to do. On the

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contrary, it is the act of a government which, having got itself into a bad corner, seems to find no extrication from it except in an increase of violence and obstinacy. This is the kind of straw that must inevitably break the camel's back. The dealings of Great Britain with Ireland have been black enough, but there are yet darker days ahead.

ARTHUR HENDERSON'S motion, in Parliament, for an investigation of the British government's Irish policy was voted down four to one. Though of course the government had to consider the motion as a definite question of confidence, the majority's cheers of approval for its policy defeated much that was good in the suggestion of an inquiry. For few things could have cleared the air of bitterness so well, and either substantiated or laid to rest the very general belief in the government's brutal and unnecessary reprisals, as an impartial investigation. The Manchester Guardian thinks the government's reason for refusal "will not bear looking into." The Times "can see no alternative to national dishonor save a scorching, authoritative inquiry." The government's very words of sympathy for the police who "see red" and give way to cruel reprisals accuse it of complicity. The British government will continue in the eyes of many people to be a guilty partner of the raids of the Black and Tans until it takes some real steps to discourage and suppress them. Instead, Sir Hamar Greenwood plunges further into the morass of misunderstanding and hatred by summoning to court-martial editors of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, for criticizing the brutalities of his policy. What a feeble ray of hope indeed is shed through this darkness by the news that the Irish Home Rule bill is again up in Parliament.

SNOW flies over the limitless White Russian plains. The shadow of winter finds the Poles still irresolutely fighting. Wrangel still hovers between victory and defeat, cheered perhaps by the support of General Townsend, who, during the great war, was taken prisoner by the Turks in brilliant circumstances. Various generals or leaders or bandits, by name Balakhovich, or Eibenhorst-Pavlik or Budenny or Barviev, have been killed or have deserted or advanced. What advantage these obscure operations have resulted in seems to be slightly for the Bolsheviks. The news we get of these military operations seems quite unreal: it is a game of pawns many thousands of miles away. But certain tangible affairs are on foot. Soviet Russia and Great Britain may shortly sign a commercial agreement; Soviet emissaries have drawn up contracts with German firms for $100,000,000 worth of locomotives; Soviet cargoes of building material, petroleum and coal have arrived at Trieste, and a Soviet commercial delegate is in Italy arranging for a return cargo to Russia, according to the October 10th Bulletin of the Guaranty Trust Company. Such negotiations seem to imply some rise in Bolshevik stock. But, behind the curtain, who knows what is really going on?

WHEN France and Great Britain objected to the seizure of Vilna, the exact words of the Polish reply did not reach us. One dispatch, to the Times, described Poland as pleading with the Allies to let her keep Vilna. Later news, in the New York Herald, reported that Poland condemned Zellgouski's raid, and disclaimed all responsibility for it. It seemed obvious enough that these were contradictory reports, only one of which could be true. Yet now we learn that even taken together they accurately describe the official Polish view. For Prince Lubomirski, Minister to the United States, says that "The Polish Government is not responsible for the action of these troops in refusing to obey. It is to be hoped, however, that the League of Nations and the principal Powers will come to see that Vilna, a centre of culture and progress, should not be left to the Lithuanians." Are the Lithuanians a race of barbarians not fit to govern cultured cities, even when the culture is their own?

AT its Montreal Convention last June, the American Federation of Labor solemnly protested that the movies were "every day being put to more and more vicious service as an instrument of misrepresentation in the America-wide campaign against labor." Mr. Arthur James, editor-in-chief of the Moving Picture World, in his October 2nd issue takes up this challenge and accusation, and demands a bill of particulars. When, where and how have the movies attacked labor? Mr. James insists that it is the policy of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry to stand neutral. Have the movies, we should like to know, been as a rule fair to anything? Have they been fair to spinsters, animals, kings, policemen? Have they been fair to love, art, life? Have they tried to be fair—or unfair? Their success depends on instinct rather than reason. Labor must make its own films—and is in fact doing so already, under the direction of the Labor Film Service, Inc., of 31 Union Square, New York. Even if competition for the attention of a public that craves Fatty Arbuckle and Mary Miles Minter proves difficult, the movies are Labor's latest weapon and should become a very useful one.

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Has Mr. Root Shown the Way?

IT SEEMED until recently that there could be no referendum on the League in this campaign because nobody in authority would state the real issue. The supporters of Governor Cox have tried to make it appear that there was a simple question of going in or of staying out. It has never been that. Whether you judge by the votes in the Senate, or the Republican platform, or the opalescent speeches of Mr. Harding, there is no doubt that there is a substantial majority in both parties for going in somehow. But this majority is divided not on the question of whether there ought to be a league, but on certain vital features of the Treaty which creates the League. Because of this division the irreconcilable opponents of any league have acquired influence far beyond their numbers. One group that favored the league was so irreconcilably opposed to some features of this league, that it formed a temporary coalition with the irreconcilable enemies of any league to delay ratification and compel a discussion of the facts in the case.

Admittedly that was a dangerous course. In adopting it, friends of the league idea were taking vast chances on the solitary hope that in a prolonged popular debate the truth would prevail. They had to reject the advice of friends who said that unless you "rushed" the people into the League, the people would never go in. They had to take the risk of permitting jingoism and aggressive nationalism to grow for a time, because it was certain that the Covenant would be attacked at least as much for its merits as for its defects. But they knew also that little would be accomplished by stampeding the nation into commitments it did not understand.

As the campaign developed there was not much to encourage them, and it looked for a time as if the campaign would settle nothing just because the candidates were such ineffectual and uninformed men. There is no longer such strong reason for feeling that way. Since Mr. Root's address of October 19th, and his crushing retort to Governor Cox's telegram, the position of those Republicans who accept Mr. Root's leadership is no longer ambiguous except on one point which we discuss later. What remains ambiguous at this writing is whether or not Mr. Harding accepts Mr. Root as the spokesman of his policy. But whether or not he does accept him, Mr. Harding is certain to be in hot water, either with the irreconcilables or with those who will follow Mr. Root. That is an ugly fact, and at this late date, an irremediable one. It may become the decisive political fact in Mr. Harding's administration.

However, that is not the immediate problem. The immediate problem is the plan put forward by Mr. Root in a tone of complete assurance that he was speaking for his party. What Mr. Root had to say proved to our way of thinking that he has penetrated the mystery of the League and the Treaty. For Mr. Root took the position, which no one else in authority has yet taken,—the position which has been held, since the Covenant was first published by the American liberal critics of the Treaty. He sees what so many other sincere friends of the League have refused to see, namely, that imbedded in the Covenant there is an alliance to enforce an unstable treaty.

> I have said that Article X was no part of the main scheme of the League of Nations. I go further and assert that Article X is inconsistent with the purpose and spirit of the League.

What, according to Mr. Root, is Article X?

> It is an alliance to enforce perpetually through the operations of the League the decisions of Mr. Wilson and his associates in the year 1919.

Why should the decisions of the Big Four not be perpetually enforced? Because

> I have a strong impression that some of their conclusions were mistakes.

Mr. Root proposes therefore to negotiate with the European members of the League. What would be the object of these negotiations? It would be to establish beyond the possibility of doubt that the United States accepts no obligation, moral or legal, "to enforce perpetually through the operations of the League the decisions of Mr. Wilson and his associates in the year 1919." It would be to make clear, in other words, that the United States is no guarantor of the treaties framed at Paris, or of previous territorial settlements, but that in entering the League the United States will employ force only to compel delay and secure discussion before nations can go to war.

That is the sound and constructive solution of the issues of the campaign, and it provides a platform on which all the friends of the League can sincerely unite. To those who have been primarily concerned about the loss of independence, it offers a program involving the narrowest obligation to employ force which is consistent with an effective plan to prevent war. To those who have been profoundly disturbed over the danger that America would revert to unwholesome isolation, it offers a definite place in the League of Nations and an acceptance by America of responsibility for the peace of the world. Finally to those who have regarded participation in the enforcement of the treaties as destructive to any prospect of peace in the world, it offers the chance to make a clear and honorable refusal of that obligation.

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We urge the liberals of America to accept the Root plan as laid down in his address of October 19th, to work for it, and to defend it against those who will try to weaken it either by compromising on its central idea or by overloading it with amendments of a purely selfish character. So far as trans-Atlantic affairs are concerned the Root plan does just exactly enough, and not one bit more, than the facts require. Where Mr. Root's position is not so clear is on the relation between the League and affairs in the western hemisphere. For while it is desirable and necessary to withdraw from Article X and the enforcement of the treaties, it is highly undesirable that we should demand for ourselves a privileged position in the Americas. There is no doubt that Mr. Lodge looks toward an interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine which makes the United States the sole judge and the unquestioned master of Latin-America. Such a view is wholly inconsistent with honest membership in the League, for it creates a double standard of international law and international morality.

It is however possible to frame a reservation on the Monroe Doctrine which is not inconsistent with the League, and at the same time preserves the historic benefits of the doctrine. It might consist, for example, in a statement that no European or Asiatic Power shall extend its sovereignty, or be permitted to intervene, in the western hemisphere. Has the Monroe Doctrine ever legitimately meant more than that? And can we now legitimately ask that it should be made to mean more than that?

There are then these two doubtful aspects of Mr. Root's admirable address. First, does Mr. Harding accept it as a statement of his policy? If he does, he can prove it in the event of his election by appointing Mr. Root to the office of Secretary of State. The other question is whether Mr. Root will resist and can resist those influential members of his party who, as furtive enemies of any international order rather than as candid critics of this League, are out to secure a privileged position for America.

The New Agrarianism

SINCE the decline of Populism the farming class has been on the whole a quiescent political element. The farmers were fairly content, after the upward swing of prices following the depression of the nineties. Or at least, what discontent there was found adequate vent in the movement to the cities of the younger generation. Today, however, there are abundant signs that a new agrarian agitation is upon us. Night riding is a symptom of it that recalls the days of the Farmers' Alliance and the Greenbackers. The recent demands of the representatives of farm organizations upon the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board for financial aid in marketing crops or in holding them are redolent of the agrarianism of earlier periods. As in those periods, so now there is a widespread conviction that agricultural staples have an inherent value quite superior to the market price, and that the maddening fluctuations and downward trend of the market price are the result of speculative manipulations and of financial collusion, or at least financial inaction. According to the estimates of Secretary Meredith, the farmers will get two billions and a half less for their products than they would have got if the prices of last year had been maintained. Many of the spokesmen of the farmers place the loss at a much higher figure. No one need be surprised if such losses produce an immeasurable volume of discontent.

Whatever the loss, it had not been anticipated and discounted. The farmers expected prices to remain high through 1920, at least. Had not the press overflowed with accounts of world shortages in every kind of food and raw material? What reason could there have been for predicting a spectacular fall in the price of wool and cotton, of corn and wheat, while all Europe was still hungry and in rags? Classical economists might argue cogently that the need of the peoples has little to do with the demand for necessaries. Purchasing power alone counts, and Europe lacks the purchasing power. But the farmers are not classical economists, and can not see why in a world where goods are moved on credits based in the last analysis on future productive power the workers of Europe should go unemployed and hungry while American materials and food heap up until prices fall below cost.

Was such an anomalous condition really inevitable? Everyone knows that credits in the greater part of Europe are in an unsettled state. That is especially true of Germany, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, where the need of American products is greatest. And it is no solution of the problem of the agricultural producer to consign his products to customers whose paper is worthless. But bad as the state of credit is in Central Europe, the Dutch have found it not impossible to do a considerable business through the supply of materials and wages credits, taking in return a part of the products for sale on the world markets. In effect, they have bought cotton and food of us, to be worked up on shares. They have carried this business as far as their available resources permit. That has fallen very short of the possibility. So long as there are some five million willing workers

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unemployed in Central Europe, with the machinery available for setting most of them at productive labor there can be no assignable limit to this form of credit operation. Hundreds of millions' worth of American materials and food supplies could have been placed in Central Europe, to issue in part in products for home consumption, in part in supplies for the world trade, which still is hungry for greater abundance of goods.

But down to the present we have made practically no national effort to carry forward this most obvious of reconstruction activities. Why? The magnitude of the problem transcends the capacity of the ordinary agencies of export trade. Besides, in the case of Germany and Austria, with which we are not officially at peace, there are legal and diplomatic difficulties sufficient to scare away private enterprise, notoriously timid in the face of political complications. We had in our War Finance Corporation an organ whose legal powers seemed commensurate with the task. But the Corporation has confined itself to an extremely modest role in the matter of facilitating the export trade. That Corporation is a machine which might effectively execute a clearly defined national purpose. But neither the administration nor the Republican opposition has concerned itself with the problem of moving the surplus of American agriculture to the points of need. Our political leaders at Washington saw no problem there, or if they saw it, they looked upon it in its relation to the Treaty contest.

Well, let the surplus accumulate until prices drop sufficiently to move it, say the apostles of laissez-faire. Let prices drop sufficiently and we shall have an agrarian movement that will upset most political calculations for the next decade. Nor is that all. Throughout our history agricultural distress has been the precursor of industrial depression. The falling away of agricultural purchasing power is the ruin of the domestic market, upon which vastly the greater part of our industry depends. A readjustment of prices after the war was bound to come. Sooner or later agriculture and industry alike had to face declining prices, with losses crushing to those who were overstocked or who produced at excessive costs. Some depression was inevitable. But have we, as a nation, done what we could to ease off the situation, distribute the losses as impartially as possible between agriculture and industry? No; we have done nothing. We have let the blow fall where it would, its force unbroken by a rational employment of our national financial power. And we shall pay for it, by the extent of our losses and the disturbance of our political life.

High Finance in Washington

DANIEL C. ROPER, who is well known to all taxpayers, and recognized as one of the keenest of Government officials, was First Assistant Postmaster-General for the United States for the years 1913 to 1916. From his book, entitled The United States Post Offices, this passage is quoted:

"The glories of the American Government is the soul of the postal service, which is a common cooperative endeavor of the people. It has its origin, not in an Act of Congress, nor in a private bill of the State Legislature, but in the Constitution of the United States. Its ideal is not dividends, but the preservation of the Union and the advancement of civilization by the establishment and maintenance of means of communication; its policy is to operate its service, not for profit, but for the convenience of the public. Its purpose is not in any sense selfish, but purely and entirely unselfish.

"In principle there is all the difference in the world between working for some of the people and in working for all the people. Any plan of action affecting the postal service that does not take this principle into account is erroneous, and if not doomed to failure, will be pernicious in its effects."

In the light of this principle, so clearly expressed, the annual report of the Postmaster-General for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1920, is worth examining.

A remarkable state of affairs is revealed—remarkable for a government bureau. Operations for the fiscal year 1919 resulted in a surplus of $2,342,851.96, of which, however, $585,665.59, or approximately 25 percent, is the result of a profit on foreign exchange. For the seven years of the Burleson administration, 1913 to 1919, inclusive, the postal system has accumulated a surplus of $35,188,879, which taken all in all is a very formidable figure. Of this total, however, $5,052,636, or approximately 15 percent, represents the net profit on foreign exchange.

Profit on foreign exchange is derived from the sale of money-orders on foreign countries, which since 1868 has been one of the functions of our postal money-order system. The system was established in 1864, the purpose of which (as stated in the establishing act) is "to promote public convenience, and to insure greater security in the transfer of money through the United States mails."

Foreign exchange is a technical and complicated subject, but briefly, this profit arises from the fact that whereas the market value of a dollar is perhaps 16.25 lire, the Postal Service in accepting money

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to be sent to Italy gives the trusting, uninformed Italian only 5.15 lire, thus producing a profit of about 11 lire per dollar. Instead of being a profit in the accepted sense of the term, this difference is more in the nature of a penalty or tax on poverty and ignorance. The regular fee for transmitting the order is charged irrespective of the resulting profit on the deal. Italy is taken merely by example. Due to the fact that the dollar is now at a premium everywhere, the same phenomenon appears in the sale of money orders on all the countries of Europe. In the case of Switzerland there is now an 8 percent loss to the purchaser and gain to the Post Office. In the case of Holland the loss and gain is 17 percent; Sweden, 18 percent; England, 19 percent; Norway, 37 percent; Denmark, 38 percent; Belgium, 54 percent; and France, 56 percent.

One might well ask why these stupid people continue dealing with the Government. Why don't they go to private bankers and get the current market rates? The question is answered in the asking. It is true that they are stupid, or rather uninformed, or possibly both. In addition they have as a result of many sad experiences with small private bankers learned that the safest way to send money is through the Post Office. That they should be compelled to pay such a disproportionately large premium for the privilege of entrusting the transfer of their funds to the Government is nothing of which we can be proud.

But suppose conditions were reversed? Perhaps the reader has thought of that. What of the case of Sweden, for instance, when during 1918 the market value of the "krone" went up to 32 cents and the Post Office contined to sell at 26.9? This involved a loss to the Government, and a gain to the purchaser of about five cents per "krone." The fact is that the peasant of one country will find very little comfort in the knowledge that his loss has resulted or might at some future time result in a gain to the peasant of some other country. In any event, however, such a state of affairs is quickly grasped by speculators, as the following sentence from the 1919 report of the Postmaster General indicates: "The Department found it necessary to restrict the amount of money orders, which would be sold to one person for payment in foreign countries. This stopped speculation by private interests which had been attempted," and which it might further be added, had actually been carried out.

The fact is, however, that for sometime past rates of exchange have favored the dollar and will continue to do so for a long time to come so that unless some change is effected this special tax on ignorance will continue to be borne by those seeking the privilege of sending money through the Post Office. We shall continue to take advantage of the poor immigrant. And the use of the term "poor immigrant" is neither sentimental bias, nor an habitual association of words. The term in all its significance is borne out by figures taken from the annual reports of the Postmaster-General. Thus the average amount per foreign money order was $16.13 in 1919, $16.52 in 1918, $16.35 in 1917, $16.00 in 1916.

Rates for exchange for international money-orders are decided upon in so-called money-order conventions. The rate now used in exchange with Great Britain was fixed by the Convention of December, 1879, and has not been changed since—officially. Similar arrangements were made with other countries, the agreed rate with France, Italy and Switzerland being 5.15 francs to the dollar. These arrangements have been scrupulously carried out by our Post Office because they have proved to be profitable. The same agreements have been entirely disregarded in the last year or two by Great Britain, France and Italy. It is obvious that it would be neither workable nor profitable for the British Post Office to transmit $4.86 for every pound sterling received when the market rate is only $3.95; for the Italian Post Office to transmit one dollar for 5.15 lire when, on the market, 5.15 lire is worth only about 32 cents; or for the French Post Office to transmit a dollar for 5.15 francs when, on the market, 5.15 francs are worth only 44 cents. The United States Post Office is the only member to the agreement now enforcing its provisions, and the reason is obvious. It is profitable, extremely profitable to sell 5.15 lire for a dollar, and with the same dollar turn around and purchase 16.15 lire. The net yield is over 200 percent.

The wording of the agreement "until the two postal administrations shall consent to an alteration," indicates that it lies within the power of the postal authorities to effect a change. That the abnormalities in foreign exchange conditions, brought about by the war, make a change necessary and imperative is obvious. The A. E. F. in France published and used monthly rates (based on current market rates) for the conversion of dollars into francs and vice versa, which proved to be successful. There is no reason why a new convention cannot now be held and arrangements made more suitable to existing conditions. In the meantime, why not follow the example of Great Britain, France and Italy and transmit these hundreds of thousands of small money orders at cost?

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The Next Senate

IT has been an oft-repeated claim of Mr. Harding that the election of Governor Cox would simply produce another stalemate in the Senate. There will be enough Republicans left, he figures, to block all Democratic plans. And he adds this prayer: "God strengthen the hands of the so-called oligarchy if there is to be another Democratic administration."

All this is good arithmetic. There are thirty-four Republicans in the present Senate who hold over until 1923 or 1925. And to those thirty-four certainly a half dozen others will be added. For even should the Democrats manage to carry "doubtful" states like Oregon and Missouri, or manage to win in states like Illinois because of some split inside the ranks of the Republicans, it is inconceivable that they can come through to victory in real Republican strongholds like Vermont and Pennsylvania.

But if Mr. Harding's argument can rely upon arithmetic, so can the argument of Mr. Cox. There are thirty Democratic Senators who continue into the next Congress. At least seven additional Democrats will be elected. This figure excludes Tom Watson in Georgia. It also excludes Democratic candidates in border states like Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky. Leaving out of the reckoning all such candidates, there still remain seven states in which the sudden eruption of a volcano is more likely than the election of a Republican to the Senate. The lie of the land will give the Democrats a minimum of thirty-seven votes in the next Senate. And even with the desertion of Senator Reed and possibly a few others, the Democrats, like the Republicans, will have members enough to block a two-thirds vote.

It comes to this: despite fervent exhortations on both sides, neither party can elect the two-thirds majority necessary to give clear sailing to its published policy. Whichever President is elected will have to bargain for his program, not only with the hostile wings of his own party, but with the opposition. Friends of *the* League, friends of *a* league, friends of no league at all, may succeed in making their candidate's task slightly easier by giving him one more vote, two more votes, or six more votes, towards his two-thirds majority. It remains a fact that what will decide the disposition of the League and Treaty is not a sufficient majority on either side, but the evolution of some bipartisan formula.

What is most at stake in the election, so far as the next Senate is concerned? As we see it, not so much the League and Treaty as the decision of various domestic matters. There is a small group of "progressives" in the Senate. They are not so progressive as to take anyone's breath away. But they form an industrious minority when it comes to such matters as taxation. Of late the activities of this group in questions of domestic legislation have given way to debate about the League. But with the next Senate this debate will end. Belief that the discussion has run on long enough, knowledge that there is no longer a need of approaching the League as a convenient campaign issue, will impel the Senate into action. Domestic issues will again emerge. And in the ensuing controversy the "progressive" bloc many count substantially. The "irreconcilables" have shown what an insignificant minority can do, provided the regulars on both sides are evenly enough divided.

For most voters, unfortunately, there is not a great chance in this election to increase the number of "progressives" in the Senate. There are a few states in which the voters have that opportunity. They can elect Raymond Stevens over his Republican opponent in New Hampshire, and Dr. Ladd of the Nonpartisan League over his Democratic opponent in North Dakota. There are certain other states in which one candidate has a considerably less distinct advantage in the matter of progressivism. But these two cases about exhaust the clear-cut instances of a choice between progressive and stand-patter, this November. Elsewhere, so far as progressivism is concerned, it is largely Hobson's choice. What can the progressive voter do? Vote for Mr. Stevens or Dr. Ladd if he has that opportunity. Vote for Farmer-Labor candidates if there are any. For the rest, pray for a Senate as evenly divided between Democrats and Republicans as is mathematically possible. It is not a rich year for the progressive voter.

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The Whirling Pyramid

OMENS these: In Paterson, the silk city, little third and fourth class shops are flooded with fine silks to be sold at any price; there has been a panic in silk. A year ago a butcher got $1.35 a pound for his raw calf hides and today he is lucky to get 25 cents; the bottom has fallen out of the leather market. The sign of the night rider appears in the South. The farming industry in convention at Washington demands unlimited federal credit to enable the South to sit on its cotton until the price is 40 cents again, and the West to hold its wheat for $3.00 a bushel; else all are ruined. There is a moratorium in Cuba because sugar which our grocers doled out to us a few weeks ago in one-pound favors at 25 cents is suddenly unsaleable. Retailers in New York go on their knees to the wholesalers, begging them not to cut prices any more until Christmas; after that, anything!

The man who keeps a small haberdashery shop in my village, returning from New York, says: "There will be suicides, my God! Big suicides. Many of them. Millions are lost. You don't know. Garments I paid nine dollars a dozen for last summer,—up there on the shelf—see!—they offer me now for three-fifty."

And this is the beginning of deflation!

All of it has happened before. The bitterness is that it was never to happen again,—not with the government itself in the banking business with an explicit undertaking to save the country's business from the well-known calamity of running out of credit at the top of its game. The Federal Reserve Bank System, which controls the issue of currency and dispenses credit to bankers, was created to dominate the nation's banking policy; and the Federal Reserve Board, which governs the System, was to see that credit should become a people's commodity, subject to people's interest. The test is come.

People have awaited it hopefully; bankers anxiously. That the Federal Reserve Bank System financed the war was no test at all. Every combatant country's banking system did that, and all by the same means, namely, inflation. Nothing was easier. There was no doubt ever that as a machine to make credit cheap and abundant the Federal Reserve System would function perfectly. The trial would come afterward.

The banker asked: "Will the Federal Reserve Board have the political hardihood and the moral courage to help us make money dear when the necessity for that does at length appear?"

And the users of credit, especially the agriculturists calling themselves the people, said: "The Federal Reserve System shall make the country banker-panic proof. Never again shall one be ruined for want of credit. Never again shall an honest man with the earth's produce for security be unable to borrow at the bank, on the specious ground that there is no more credit."

One or the other had to be disappointed. So what happened? Prices began to fall.

Why?

"Because what goes up must come down," says Wall Street, and lets it go at that.

"Because the Federal Reserve Board at Washington has deliberately adopted a merciless policy of deflation," say those whose profits have vanished. That is, they say, prices began to fall for want of credit to support them.

The Federal Reserve Board is annoyed: it replies with a statement that between January 2nd and October 1st,—in nine months,—the banks of the country increased their loans for "agricultural, industrial and commercial purposes, by an amount exceeding $1,800,000,000." Therefore it denies the charge that the collapse in prices is owing to a squeeze in credit. The disturbance, it says, is inevitable from circumstances arising out of the world war. Which leaves us where we were, resting upon the reflection that this disturbance is only a little more ominous and likely to be much more disastrous than up-endings of essentially the same character heretofore.

Over all this matter of why prices fall there lies a dimness of insincerity, pretense and passion. While inflation is taking place those who are responsible for it say: "We have nothing to do with it. Besides, there is no such thing. What you call inflation is a legitimate increase of wealth."

The Federal Reserve Board indignantly resented talk of inflation while issuing Federal Reserve currency and Federal Reserve credit in cataracts to the banks of the whole country, not only during the war but for two years thereafter. It particularly denied that we printed money to carry on the war, as all the other countries did; but we did it all the same, issuing first the bonds and then the money the bonds were bought with. So naturally when the process of deflation begins everybody must deny both the fact and the responsibility, since deflation is a sequel to inflation, and inflation was said never to have taken place.

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One other difficulty. There is no geometrical pattern, no figure of speech, simply or comprehensively, to represent the process of inflation; and deflation is the undoing of inflation.

Inflation is a whirling pyramid inverted. Its phenomenal duration is governed by two dynamic factors. One is velocity, and the other is growth, both of which must increase progressively; to sustain the action durably they would have to increase progressively to infinity. Both the velocity and the growth are derived from greed; the symbol of this is money. Therefore, the whirling pyramid requires money in progressively greater quantities, and would, if it continued, exhaust the power of all the printing presses in the world. As it spins it grows; as it grows it must spin faster to maintain its equilibrium; the faster it spins the faster it grows, and so on.

Prices began to fall not because credit was shut off,—never, save in war time, was credit expanded more than in the year 1920—but because the demands of inflation had overtaken even the money delusions of John Skelton Williams, Comptroller of the Currency, who still thinks that if you could only print money enough the perfect happiness of mankind would be realized. He desperately says the Federal Reserve System could issue yet two billions more of currency. That is the limit of his hallucination. After that he is bankrupt. But the ogre of inflation, speaking through Senator Smith of South Carolina, says: "If we want to hold cotton for $5 it is none of the [Federal Reserve] Board's business. All the Board has to do is to discount our paper."

If it were none of the Board's business, and it *had* to lend the cotton grower money with which to hold cotton for his own price, then John Skelton Williams's last two billion would not satisfy that one class of producing people.

Prices began to fall because manufacturers and merchants generally had got into that state of mind. It was nobody's business what they charged. They had the stuff. All the banks had to do was to lend them credit, that is, discount their notes. They would hold their goods on borrowed money until the people *had* to buy.

As prices rise it is easier for profiteers to borrow money on the goods than for people to find the money to buy goods with. People at length begin to do without; sellers refuse to reduce prices. Then goods begin to accumulate in warehouses. The withholding owners of the goods need more and more credit, and, although credit is increased,—although it was increased more than $1,800,000,000 in nine months,—still it cannot be increased fast enough. The end is coming. The Federal Reserve Board recommends bankers to insist that somebody shall sell something for what it will bring and once in a while pay off a loan at the bank; the bankers heed the advice, for they have premonitions and are beginning to be uneasy. It is all the easier to do since they may wash their hands and say the Federal Reserve Board says it must be done. Perfect alibi.

Then at last a forestaller in silk is told he cannot renew his loan in full. He must sell a little silk. He does, and there is an international panic in the silk market. A leather dealer is obliged to sell a few pounds of leather, and leather takes a great fall. So in wool, so in sugar, and deflation has begun.

Retailers, seeing the commodity markets giving way and knowing that lower prices are to come, begin to advertise campaigns against the high cost of living and move out a lot of stock at bargain sales. This makes big headlines for the newspapers, and the Federal Reserve Board archly acquires merit in the eyes of the consumer. It says the peak of high prices is passed, and talks of a return to normal conditions.

But what are normal conditions? The planter thinks 40 cents a normal price for cotton, and the farmer thinks $3.00 a normal price for wheat at last; and when, as will happen, agricultural commodities begin to fall along with everything else, a new clamor arises. The farmers move on Washington and have the Federal Reserve Board on the carpet. They are being ruined. The government must issue bonds forthwith and lend them the proceeds for the purpose of holding back their crops; it must lend foreign governments credit with which to buy American produce. Manufacturers and merchants, hitherto silent, now put their cry upon this popular wind. All together they denounce the Federal Reserve Board. It is strangling the country by withholding credit.

The Federal Reserve Board, backed by the Secretary of the Treasury and all the banking sanity of the country, is obdurate. It would not make money cheaper if it could; it will not print wheat money for the farmer, nor cotton money for the planter. Instead, it insists upon an "orderly marketing" of commodities.

Banking wisdom is triumphant! The Federal Reserve Board is safe and sane. It comes to the precipice and stands aside, exhorting people, if they must go over, to do so in an orderly manner. Whatever else happens the System is solvent. Money was cheap and the people hogged it; now money is dear and they must bear it. This is the way both of money and people.

Deflation must proceed to its dismal climax. If

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betimes there is unemployment and much human distress, well, it cannot be helped. Besides, says the banker, a little unemployment will not be a positive evil. It will help us to liquidate another very dear commodity, namely, labor.

So no doubt we should be philosophically resigned and hearken to the axiom that we are all buyers and sellers together; and we might be resigned save for the sad reflection that our bankers, with all their wisdom, not only neglect the real problem but seem unable to perceive its existence. They play the game of inflation until the boom totters; then they kill it and efficiently assist at the obsequies. They seem to to believe that these fantastic swings of prices,—this one differing no wise in character from others,—are sacred phenomena.

For a hundred years economists have discussed a fundamental reform of money to eliminate extreme price fluctuations. I have never known a banker who would hear them seriously. I have almost never known a banker who would interest himself practically in the proposition that the value of commodities in terms of each other is fairly constant. Commodities fluctuate to these extremes not in terms of each other but in terms of money. It is money that fluctuates. Money itself is the fetish.

When money falls in value commodities rise; and the moral sense of the world is sickened by the profiteer. When money rises in value commodities fall; and there is a train of ruin and political evils. But to any proposal that money be made subservient to the human necessity of exchanging wealth, instead of all the conditions of exchange being governed, as now is the case, by the state of money, he is stone deaf. Are people therefore doomed to serve this fetish forever, suffering alternately the abominations of inflation and the miseries of deflation?

We shall see. The case in one aspect is different. Although the technique and obvious consequences of deflation are the same as always before, there are new potentialities. Never before had the banker and creditor together so much to defend. They have to defend the integrity of war debts, internal and international, which surpass in magnitude anything of the kind hitherto imaginable.

How does deflation affect war debts?

Why, precisely as deflation has immemorially affected the relations of debtor and creditor. Prices fall, the value of money rises, and the debtor who has contracted an obligation at high prices is obliged to pay back more than he received.

If prices fall to the pre-war level, as they may, a one-hundred-dollar Liberty bond worth only 44 bushels of wheat when it was issued, with wheat at $2.26½, will be worth 120 bushels of wheat, with wheat at 83 cents again. This is to say, one who has loaned the government the equivalent of 44 bushels of wheat during the war would receive back 120 bushels, or nearly three for one, not counting the interest. And people would be paying taxes for that purpose.

The illustration is a round one. It might be only two for one, more or less, in the average of things. But would the people pay?

You may say this is an internal matter, wherein all of us pay and all of us receive back, owing to the fact that the war bonds are so widely distributed. That is not true, and to the extent of its being so it is subject to change; but if it were true, what then of the ten billion debt owing us by foreign governments? Will they pay us back double and interest? Will they discharge in dear dollar prices 'debts contracted in cheap dollar prices? And would it be fair?

Bankers have no answer to these questions. They say: "The laws of money are universal. We cannot remake the financial structure of the world."

Well, it is for the banker to say whether he can or not. One would think he might better try than defend so much. The financial structure of the world is an enormous moral liability.

GARET GARRETT.

Striking in Spain

AT the time of my stay in Barcelona 200,000 people were striking. Out of a city of half a million two-fifths were called out. The place looked like a holiday. The Plaza Mayor was crowded and the San José was a solid procession, people four and five abreast, moving east on the right side of the street, west on the left. All day long and far into the night they strolled up and down. Every other day El Sol reported another bomb, near some bank, or factory corner, or under the dining-room window at the Ritz, or some men's club. No one was seriously wounded as a rule, but the explosions were to serve as warnings from time to time.

All along the principal streets the cafés, which are the clubs and hearthsides of Spain, had their windows piled to the ceiling with chairs, to show that they were out of business, though in the poorer quarters the workmen's cafés were crowded. And on the wharfs along the great harbor the bales were stacked; and there were mounds of grain shovelled up and moulding and mildewing away. Idle ships lay alongside and rotting fruits and footstuffs cluttered the water. The harbor was as silent as a graveyard.

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But for a mile along the Rambla San José ran flower stalls, flowers of every color, gardenias, asters, roses, lilies, salvias, violets, carnations and strange unknown blossoms, half tropical. Where the flower stalls left off the bird-market began. There were canaries, green birds, red and blue birds, black birds, mingled in with parrots and macaws, with squawks and cries and incessant chirping and twittering on perches and in cages, under the bright sun.

In front of the cathedral the children's market was filled with Christmas toys, little wagons with pine cone wheels, dolls' houses made of cork, and thousands of little statues of saints and of the Holy Family, with which to make Nativity scenes such as were to be seen in the churches on a grander scale that week. And in our hotel they had pushed the tables all together into one long table for the guests. The wives of the office force were doing the cooking and the managers and office clerks were taking the waiters' places in the dining-room. We ate like princes, five course luncheons. It was like Christmas Week indeed.

And the faces in the streets, of these striking 200,000 walking up and down, looked pleasant enough. The strikers were fed by the general labor organizations of Spain, none too well perhaps, but enough, to judge by their looks. Open, cheerful faces, they gave the impression of freely ventilated, healthy brains, hot blood and clear wits. Nobody looked very sordid or frantic; and nobody looked like black bread, pogroms and murder. Barcelona was like a big fair.

It seemed that strikes were in every city of Spain. In Granada the dry-goods clerks were out. In Zaragoza the cement workers. In Madrid the painters had struck, the bakers, and the euphonious profession of ebanistas, or workers in wood, cabinet-makers, carpenters and turners. In Murcia the millers were striking; in Manforte the tailors; and there were strikes in Alicante, Palma de Mallorca, Vigo and Baleares. No one knew whether he was to ride or walk; whether he could clothe himself today or tomorrow; whether he could take his coffee; or if he died for lack of bread from the baker's, whether he could get a coffin, and afterwards a stone for his grave. The people were pretty much in that state of humor. An old, cynical, gay, passionate race, shrugging shoulders, swearing, laughing, taking it like the rain that falls on the just and unjust alike. They might even be going to have a revolution, but why be sullen?

In Seville then, naturally, there were strikes when we arrived. On my way the first morning I saw placards calling for a meeting, and I saw a group at the very door of the cathedral.

It was past eleven o'clock when I entered, and mass was being said. The cathedral interior is of ivory colored stone, with gilding and spots of Gothic coloring. Steps led up through lofty screens to the high altar; and on the altar candles burned in front of the reredos of saints and pointed canopies. Through the gold bars of the screen you could see the choir boys going up and down, down and up, and back and forth, with candles taller than themselves. They were like angels in old frescoes. The organ played, the responses were sung, a priest in white and gold vestments came out into the pulpit on the left column, with two boys holding candles for his book. Then another priest came with his two acolytes into the pulpit on the right column. Clouds of incense rose beyond the gilded canopies and the ivory stone. Magnificent was the word for everything, for the vestments, screens, the altar, for the mass-books, the music, the seventy-five windows of stained glass, and for the chapels running around on all sides of the church. There are thirty chapels besides the sacristy, every one of them a little gallery in itself, paintings by Murillo, Montanes, Pacheco, Leal and a score of others. The mass ended and the people began to scatter. Some of them stopped in a chapel to say a special prayer or to look at the pictures and marbles. There were a great many workmen in the crowd. They were plainly free to do as they liked at this time of the morning; and I wondered how many of them were strikers.

Then I suddenly remembered a remark I had heard made by an economist a year before. I remembered his lumping Springfield, Massachusetts, Pittsburg and Spain all together into one illustration of a strike.

"As we see at present in Springfield, Spain and Pittsburg," he said.

In Spain, Springfield and Pittsburg. I walked out of the cathedral wondering about the nuances of striking in Springfield, Pittsburg and say, for example, Seville. It had seemed such a simple matter to the economists, lumping them all together.

The working-man in Seville has the cathedral masses most of the day, a part of that church which is the mother of opera and of art. The pictures and statues in the cathedral and in the public palaces belong to him as much as to anyone. And all along the river leads the Paseo de Delicias, to parks with walks through woods, and gardens with little courts of seventeenth century statues and seats, an island with wild fowl, mazes of shrubbery, music stands, and streams with tiled bridges. At the cafés in the park and along the squares he may have for two or three cents a glass of Manzanilla, with olives or shrimps or almond cakes. Or he

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may have coffee with a little brandy or a coppa of Vermouth.

In the Plaza de la Constitucion with its palm trees, where Don Juan invited the statue to supper, a band plays on pleasant evenings. And up and down the Calle de las Sierpes are rows of cafés at which he sits. They are his clubs. In them he sits side by side with every sort of poor and rich gentleman; for there is not a man in Spain who is not a caballero; you would not ask a favor or a question of him without beginning with haga me el favor, and you would not leave him without hasta manana or hasta luego. There are guitars in the streets, there are bullfights every Sunday for half the year, and dancing, and plays at every price of admission.

He has a religion, too, that is complex, rich, like his country itself, full of satisfactions, clear outlines, thrills, splendors. And he likes many things in his world, and moves through them all with immense vivacity and vitality. He finds it easy to talk hours or to sit and do nothing. And every Spaniard has a huge unalterable pride, and a high head and natural dignity, that carries him through every fortune. Spain is the only country I know where people in rags hold their heads high.

If the working-man in Pittsburg gets his rights, he may have more houseroom and more food and perhaps more leisure to walk about the drab streets, not much else. But he has a certain mental satisfaction.

Unless of course he goes some day far beyond his rights and becomes a millionaire. Then he may ride through these same drab streets instead of walking, and can have much more food and houseroom than he can make use of. He may help support an expensive musical organization, escaping the performances if he is prominent enough already; and he may buy some pictures. He may take costly trips to sunny resorts, or sit through long dull winters by a radiator instead of a stove.

If the working-man in Seville gets his rights, he may have a certain mental satisfaction, also, and a larger house with his own patio, instead of a patio that is like a tempest filled with laundry.

But he already has his share in the most beautiful building in the city. He has café-clubs, parks, gardens, façades, paintings already. He has the sunshine and the season always at hand in his own town.

All this for my economic acquaintance would come easily under Climate. But for almost anyone else striking in Seville and striking in Pittsburg might seem pretty different things.

STARK YOUNG.

Realities in Politics

NINE out of ten citizens have at some time considered themselves and have been called by their neighbors, Democrats or Republicans, and this has led quite naturally, although quite erroneously, to the assertion that they are members of the Democratic or Republican party. Except in the case of a comparatively few men, and, of course, fewer women, there has been no real membership in party, in the sense of recognized membership in family or club or church. The average citizen has voted, let us say, for every Democratic candidate for President since 1884, except Parker in 1904 and Wilson in 1912, and usually he has been "regular" on state and local matters. But he has not been in public office, he has not sat in caucus or in convention, he has not paid dues to a political club, and he has not contributed in money or effort to a political campaign. Once a year or once in four years he takes his place with a group of men with whom he has acted before. He has an accustomed place in the party parade of strength, but in no proper sense is he a member of even the loosest organization. The call to the colors brings him out on Election Day, and less frequently on primary day; that is the extent of his party spirit, and indeed of his participation in government itself.

But in spite of all this, it is the common practice to refer to these average citizens, not only as members of a political party, but also as constituting the party itself. In discussing election returns it is said that the Democratic party was strong in 1896, meaning thereby, among other things, that the six million voters that supported Bryan constituted the party. Of course, as a matter of fact, five thousand men were members of party committees in that campaign, ten thousand men took active part in the campaign, and it is estimated that one hundred thousand contributed money and voluntary effort. At a maximum a million, one in six, were members of a party club of any kind. Moreover this was an unusual campaign in respect to the number of the rank and file that took active part. It was a crusading year. And the party record of the ensuing four years was made by less than two hundred and fifty Democratic members of Congress and a dozen Democratic Governors.

In a very real sense the members of a party committee and the partisans in public office constitute a group that does justify the exact application of the term "party." They are bound closely together, at least temporarily, by a common purpose, they have come to office or seek office on a common platform, and they are for the present the repositories of the traditions and obligations of those who have pre-

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ceded them. They are a going concern. They pay dues, elect officers, raise funds, carry on campaigns, and have now been recognized in the laws of many of the states as organizations carrying on a well recognized business.

The preliminaries of the present campaign gave a good example of the wide difference between party as an army gathered for primary day and party as a small organization engaged in the pursuit and enjoyment of power in public affairs. In the primaries little attempt was made to get the will of the voters upon issues. Except to a limited degree, and then only by revealing how small a proportion of Election Day voters have primary preferences, did these votes express a party will. They were at best evidences of public opinion, just as were the results of the poll conducted during the spring by one of the national weeklies.

Less than one hundred men constructed the platforms, and not many more were seriously consulted in the preliminary conferences upon disputed points. A dozen men, more or less, in each of the recent conventions gave the final decisions upon the most hotly disputed planks. A group in each convention finally came to agreement upon the candidates. These were then nominated by the thousand delegates, who in theory represented the party voters of the various divisions of the Union, but who in reality represented themselves, their organizations in the localities from which they came, and altogether perhaps one hundred thousand interested persons, who, because of leisure, money or interest, have selected one or the other of the two dominant parties as the agency through which to accomplish their desires in government.

It follows that in reality it is a comparatively few men and women who embody the Democratic or the Republican tradition in the present campaign. It is no fewer, perhaps there are more, than in any recent campaign, except in the case of the Progressives in 1912. Their work is party work, their tactics become the party tactics, their beliefs appear as the party beliefs, as the campaign forces them out, and in the event of success for their ticket, it is their rule that is brought to Washington in March of 1921. Such has been the situation even in campaigns characterized by the outstanding leadership of the nominees.

Yet the great majority, perhaps eight-tenths of the normal great party vote, has habitually voted the party ticket, and can be counted on to do so on November second. Election after election in the past twenty-four years the American electorate has divided into two great armies on Election Day. The South, as every one knows, has been overwhelmingly Democratic, even as the New England area has until recently been overwhelmingly Republican, but it is just as true, though not as patent to the casual eye, that the entire nation has been regular in its voting in Presidential elections. In spite of the steady increase in the voting population, indeed keeping in close touch with that increase, each of the two parties has during this period polled at each election at least forty per cent of the vote cast, and what is of greater significance the distribution of the vote by counties makes it evident that a great part of it must have been an unchanging vote. At a maximum twenty per cent of the popular vote showed itself subject to change or interested in the lesser parties, and in some states the change has been less than five per cent in the course of a half dozen campaigns. In view of this, there is some ground for treating the parties as armies of voters always in battle array, with little need of organization to hold them in line, with a comparatively few guerrillas operating between the lines, and with an outstanding leader or an inspiring battle cry only now and then to make the armies eager for the familiar fray.

What we seem to have in America is a division of the electorate into two great groups, neither of which is a political party in the sense of a band of men bound together by a common doctrine or a specific program, as in the case of the Socialists or the Populists or any of the important third parties that have appeared in the past fifty years, but only in the sense that each constitutes a great body of voters that have been in the habit of acting together on Election Day for the purpose of accomplishing certain tangible and immediate results. But within each of these great groups there are divisions of opinion that lead to smaller groupings that are political parties, in fact, but not in name. During a long period of political exile the Democratic party was divided into many groupings, some consisting of personal followings, some being of sectional origin, but most important of all the division of the party into two great groups, based upon temperamental attitude toward the political questions of that period. Bryan and his fellow radicals captured control of the party organization in 1896, but except for this first campaign the conservative leaders of East and South retained a membership in the party, and upon their return to power signalized their violent opposition to the Bryan program. And Bryan supported Parker in 1904.

The Republican party, apparently so completely a unit in the five years that followed the bolt of the silver wing of the party in 1896, has in the past nineteen years become steadily more complex. At the height of his power Theodore Roosevelt keenly

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realized that his party, or parts of it, responded at times to the leadership of men of such opposing faith as Foraker and La Follette. By force of unequalled capacity for opportunist leadership, Roosevelt managed to retain the support of Eastern conservatives without losing that of Western radicals in 1904. But with successive victories the divisions within the party membership became more and more evident. Nowhere was this revealed so clearly as in the membership of the party in the Senate.

The Republican party is not a party but a coalition of parties. The factions that disagree among themselves upon every important public question, domestic and foreign, that range in choice of leadership from Penrose to Johnson and from Taft to Borah, that during the past eight years in face of Democratic initiative have been unable at critical moments to respond to definite leadership, have now entered into an alliance for a single purpose: to win the present election. But the struggle for power within the coalition will commence the day that an election results in favor of their nominee.

The growth of definiteness of division within the Republican party membership in Congress has been one of the outstanding developments of the past two decades. It has brought nearer a reality in American party grouping, for it has been in a measure a response to actual economic and political conditions. The progressive groupings within the party may yet force their way to a controlling power, but it will not be by ignoring the actual facts in the present disheartening situation.

EDGAR E. ROBINSON.

Bolshevik Theory

II. Revolution and Dictatorship

THE Bolsheviks have a very definite program for achieving communism—a program which has been set forth by Lenin repeatedly, and quite recently in the reply of the Third International to the questionnaire submitted by the Independent Labor party.

Capitalists, we are assured, will stick at nothing in defence of their privileges. It is the nature of man, in so far as he is politically conscious, to fight for the interests of his class so long as classes exist. When the conflict is not pushed to extremes, methods of conciliation and political deception may be preferable to actual physical warfare; but as soon as the proletariat make a really vital attack upon the capitalists, they will be met by guns and bayonets. This being certain and inevitable, it is as well to be prepared for it, and to conduct propaganda accordingly. Those who pretend that pacific methods can lead to the realization of communism are false friends to the wage-earners; intentionally or unintentionally, they are covert allies of the bourgeoisie.

There must, then, according to Bolshevik theory, be armed conflict sooner or later, if the injustices of the present economic system are ever to be remedied. Not only must there be armed conflict, but they have a fairly definite conception of the way in which it is to be conducted. This conception has been carried out in Russia, and is to be carried out before very long in every civilized country. The communists, who represent the class-conscious wage-earners, wait for some propitious moment when events have caused a mood of revolutionary discontent with the existing government. They then put themselves at the head of the discontent, carry through a successful revolution, and in so doing acquire the arms, the railways, the state treasure and all other resources upon which the power of modern governments is built. They then confine political power to communists, however small a minority they may be of the whole nation. They set to work to increase their number by propaganda and the control of education. And meanwhile they introduce communism into every department of economic life as quickly as possible.

Ultimately, after a longer or shorter period, according to circumstances, the nation will be converted to communism, the relics of capitalist institutions will have been obliterated, and it will be possible to restore freedom. But the political conflicts to which we are accustomed will not reappear. All the burning political questions of our time, according to the communists, are questions of class conflict, and will disappear when the division of classes disappears. Accordingly the state will no longer be required, since the state is essentially an engine of power designed to give the victory to one side in the class conflict. Ordinary states are designed to give the victory to the capitalists; the proletarian state (Soviet Russia) is designed to give the victory to the wage-earners. As soon as the community contains only wage-earners, the state will cease to have any functions. And so, through a period of dictatorship, we shall finally arrive at

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a condition very similar to that aimed at by Anarchist communism.

Three questions arise in regard to this method of reaching Utopia. First, would the ultimate state foreshadowed by the Bolsheviks be desirable in itself? Secondly, would the conflict involved in achieving it by the Bolshevik method be so bitter and prolonged that its evils would outweigh the ultimate good? Thirdly, is this method likely to lead in the end to the state which the Bolsheviks desire, or will it fail at some point and arrive at a quite different result? If we are to be Bolsheviks, we must answer all these questions in a sense favorable to their program.

As regards the first question, I have no hesitation in answering it in a manner favorable to communism. It is clear that the present inequalities of wealth are unjust. In part, they may be defended as affording an incentive to useful industry, but I do not think this defense will carry us very far. However, I have argued this question before in my book on Roads to Freedom, and I will not spend time upon it now. On this matter, I concede the Bolshevik case. It is the other two questions that I wish to discuss.

Our second question was: Is the ultimate good aimed at by the Bolsheviks sufficiently great to be worth the price that, according to their own theory, will have to be paid for achieving it?

If anything human were absolutely certain, we might answer this question affirmatively with some confidence. The benefits of communism, if it were once achieved, might be expected to be lasting; we might legitimately hope that further change would be toward something still better, not toward a revival of ancient evils. But if we admit, as we must do, that the outcome of the communist revolution is in some degree uncertain, it becomes necessary to count the cost; for a great part of the cost is all but certain.

Since the revolution of October, the Soviet government has been at war with almost all the world, and has had at the same time to face civil war at home. This is not to be regarded as accidental, or as a misfortune which could not be foreseen. According to Marxian theory, what has happened was bound to happen. Indeed, Russia has been wonderfully fortunate in not having to face an even more desperate situation. First and foremost, the world was exhausted by the war, and in no mood for military adventures. Next, the Tsarist régime was the worst in Europe, and therefore rallied less support than would be secured by any other capitalist government. Again, Russia is vast and agricultural, making it capable of resisting both invasion and blockade better than Great Britain or France or Germany. The only other country that could have resisted with equal success is the United States, which is at present very far removed from a proletarian revolution, and likely long to remain the chief bulwark of the capitalist system. It is evident that Great Britain, attempting a similar revolution, would be forced by starvation to yield within a few months, provided America led a policy of blockade. The same is true, though in a less degree, of continental countries. Therefore, unless and until an international communist revolution becomes possible, we must expect that any other nation following Russia's example will have to pay an even higher price than Russia has had to pay.

Now the price that Russia is having to pay is very great. The almost universal poverty might be thought to be a small evil in comparison with the ultimate gain, but it brings with it other evils of which the magnitude would be acknowledged by those who have never known poverty and therefore make light of it. Hunger brings an absorption in the question of food, which, to most people, makes life almost purely animal. The general shortage makes people fierce and reacts upon the political atmosphere. The necessity of inculcating communism produces a hot-house condition, where every breath of fresh air must be excluded: People are to be taught to think in a certain way, and all free intelligence becomes taboo. The country comes to resemble an immensely magnified Jesuit college. Every kind of liberty is banned as being "bourgeois," but it remains a fact that intelligence languishes where thought is not free.

All this, however, according to the leaders of the Third International, is only a small beginning of the struggle, which must become world wide before it achieves victory. In their reply to the Independent Labor party they say:

> It is probable that upon the throwing off of the chains of the capitalist governments, the revolutionary proletariat of Europe will meet the resistance of Anglo-Saxon capital in the persons of British and American capitalists who will attempt to blockade it. It is then possible that the revolutionary proletariat of Europe will rise in union with the peoples of the East and commence a revolutionary struggle, the scene of which will be the entire world, to deal a final blow to British and American capitalism (Times, July 30, 1920).

The war here prophesied, if it ever takes place, will be one compared to which the late war will seem a mere affair of outposts. Those who realize the destructiveness of the late war, the devastation and impoverishment, the lowering of the level of civilization throughout vast areas, the general increase of hatred and savagery, the letting loose of

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bestial instincts which had been curbed during peace—those who realize all this will hesitate to incur inconceivably greater horrors, even if they believe firmly that communism in itself is much to be desired. An economic system cannot be considered apart from the population which is to carry it out; and the population resulting from such a world war as Moscow calmly contemplates would be savage, bloodthirsty and ruthless to an extent that must make any system a mere engine of oppression and cruelty.

This brings us to our third question: Is the system which communists regard as their goal likely to result from the adoption of their methods? This is really the most vital question of the three.

Advocacy of communism by those who believe in Bolshevik methods rests upon the assumption that there is no slavery except economic slavery, and that when all goods are held in common there must be perfect liberty. I fear this is a delusion.

There must be administration, there must be officials who control distribution. These men, in a communist state, are the repositories of power. So long as they control the army, they are able, as in Russia at this moment, to wield despotic power, even if they are a small minority. The fact that there is communism—to a certain extent—does not mean that there is liberty. If the communism were more complete, it would not necessarily mean more freedom; there would still be certain officials in control of the food supply, and these officials could govern as they pleased as long as they retained the support of the soldiers. This is not mere theory; it is the patent lesson of the present condition of Russia. The Bolshevik theory is that a small minority are to seize power, and are to hold it until communism is accepted practically universally, which, they admit, may take a long time. But power is sweet, and few men surrender it voluntarily. It is especially sweet to those who have the habit of it, and the habit becomes most ingrained in those who have governed by bayonets, without popular support. Is it not almost inevitable that men placed as the Bolsheviks are placed in Russia, and as they maintain that the communists must place themselves wherever the social revolution succeeds, will be loath to relinquish their monopoly of power, and will find reasons for remaining until some new revolution ousts them? Would it not be fatally easy for them, without altering the economic structure, to decree large salaries for high government officials, and so reintroduce the old inequalities of wealth? What motive would they have for not doing so? What motive is possible except idealism, love of mankind, non-economic motives of the sort that Bolsheviks decry? The system created by violence and the forcible rule of a minority must necessarily allow of tyranny and exploitation; and if human nature is what Marxists assert it to be, why should the rulers neglect such opportunities of selfish advantage?

It is sheer nonsense to pretend that the rulers of a great empire such as Soviet Russia, when they have become accustomed to power, retain the proletarian psychology, and feel that their class interest is the same as that of the ordinary workingman. This is not the case in fact in Russia now, however the truth may be concealed by fine phrases. The government has a class consciousness and a class interest quite distinct from those of the genuine proletarian, who is not to be confounded with the paper proletarian of the Marxian schema. In a capitalist state, the government and the capitalists on the whole hang together, and form one class; in Soviet Russia, the government has absorbed the capitalist mentality together with the governmental, and the fusion has given increased strength to the upper class. But I see no reason whatever to expect equality or freedom to result from such a system, except reasons derived from a false psychology and a mistaken analysis of the sources of political power.

I am compelled to reject Bolshevism for two reasons: First, because the price mankind must pay to achieve communism by Bolshevik methods is too terrible; and secondly, because, even after paying the price, I do not believe the result would be what the Bolsheviks profess to desire.

But if their methods are rejected, how are we ever to arrive at a better economic system? This is not an easy question, and I shall treat it in a separate article.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

Many Are Called

The Lord Apollo, who has never died,
Still holds alone his immemorial reign,
Supreme in an impregnable domain
That with his magic he has fortified;
And though melodious multitudes have tried
In ecstasy, in anguish, and in vain,
With invocation sacred and profane
To lure him, even the loudest are outside.

Only at unconjectured intervals,
By will of Him on whom no man may gaze,
By word of Him whose law no man has read,
A questing light may rift the sullen walls,
To cling where mostly its infrequent rays
Fall golden on the patience of the dead.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

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VERSE

Ydoni Sings to His People

1.

The morning comes riding to our marketplace
On the shoulders of a little hill;
And when it tires
Spending its golden coins,
And is heavy with sleep,
The mountain will take the day on its back
And carry it to the still dark House.

2.

At night
O people of Karthana
Your evil deeds
Will sit in trees,
Like owls
And hoot you.

3.

Having died
Arkon the fisherman
Went to heaven;
Thus when a comet
Falls in the skies
Be not frightened
O people of Karthana,
It is only a silver trout
Falling from the fisherman's line.

4.

I thought my arrow struck a swan,
But it was only the moon
Come down to bathe in the waters of the Khava.

5.

We are trees
And our days
Hang on branches,
Like leaves;
In the morning,
We hide
Behind the strong walls of our songs,
But the wind finds us
In the evening,
And takes our songs
And our days
Like leaves.

6.

Like an army with lit torches,
The first frosts
Have come upon my fields
Burning the young corn.

7.

Like wolves
The winds came upon my fruit trees,
And tore them to the ground;
But there are no stones
To kill the wolves of the wind,
And no curses to wither their teeth.

DAVID ROSENTHAL.

The Bandwagon

THE JOYS OF SELF-DETERMINATION.

VIENNA, Oct. 10.—Southern Tyrol, allotted to Italy by the Austrian peace treaty, formally passed into Italian hands yesterday. There were solemn ceremonies in the churches and public places. The city of Innsbruck was draped in mourning.—*New York Times.*

ANOTHER LITERARY PRESIDENT.

"The speech [at Des Moines] was especially noticeable for that epigrammatic quality which seems to be a gift of Senator Harding's."—*New York Sun.*

NOW THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST "THE REACTIONARY CANDIDATE" CAN PROCEED AT FULL SPEED.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—Attorney-General Palmer said today that he had decided to make a number of speeches for the Democratic national ticket.

Mr. Palmer had not intended to enter the campaign because of criticisms made against his administration by Governor Cox. It is understood that Governor Cox has made a full explanation of his speech in which he criticised the Attorney-General, and therefore Mr. Palmer will make a number of speeches.—*New York Times.*

EQUAL RIGHTS IN PRIVATE.

"You cannot give one right to a white man and deny the same right to a black man, but while I stand for that particular principle, I want you in Oklahoma to know that that does not mean, and I do not ever intend that it means, that the white man and the black man must be made to experience the enjoyment of their rights in each other's company."—*Mr. Harding.*

WATCH ME!

"When my countrymen turn their attention again to the commonplace I shall know that American institutions are secure.—*Calvin Coolidge.*

MR. HARDING AT ST. LOUIS.

"I will never submit the covenant before the United States Senate with Article X in it. Article X is the heart of the League. Yes, the steel heart of the League."

The crowd jumped to its feet cheering, but when quiet was restored a volley of questions came from the galleries.

"Let's be homey," the Senator said.—*New York Times.*

"IT WAS A FAMOUS VICTORY. . . ."

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—The campaign conducted by the Department of Justice against the high cost of living will be ended and the entire fair price organization disbanded on November 1st.—*New York Times.*

NO JOB AT ALL.

"Government is a very simple thing, after all."—*Mr. Harding.*

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Books and Things

LAST night I was reading a fascinating little book, Ralegh in Ireland. It is not a new book by any means. It was published in 1883, the author Sir John Pope Hennessy, and this summer I bought it second-hand in London.

Sir John Hennessy seems to have undertaken this book as a sort of gentlemanly diversion, and was fortunate enough to have had it printed in pleasant style on fine white water-marked paper. His aim, however, was rather serious. It was to show from Walter Ralegh's letters and the first-hand records of the time how the bold Elizabethan came to Ireland, behaved in it and left it. His investigations into these circumscribed events Sir John refined into a brief and simple narrative, employing few adjectives and no overworked ones, and yet conveying a good deal of history with quietness and charm and sophistication.

Ralegh was one of those English rulers in Ireland who believed in subduing the Irish. He was a military captain long before he was an admiral, and came to Ireland primarily as a fighting man. His first enterprise was to aid the navy in besieging Smerwick Castle, and to slaughter all the men and women who surrendered. Besides the five hundred Irish men and women, Spaniards, Italians and Biscaies whom he put to the sword there were "one Plunckett and an Irishe priest." "Theire armes and legges were broken" and then they were "hanged upon a gallows."

Having escaped an ambush in Cork by an exploit of superb courage, Ralegh proceeded to carry out his own brusque military policy. Lord and Lady Roche he captured in a neat though treacherous manner. He secured the person of Sir John Fitzgerald, whom he executed in Cork. Not long later he executed Sir John Fitzgerald and then another brother, the Earl of Desmond, the skeleton of the Earl "hanging from the walls of Cork, his head having been sent as 'a goodly gift to Her Highnesse' in London." And there was his "killing by guile."

Ralegh's dealings with paid murderers in Ireland kept pace with "martial law, or rather martial executions without law, in the county of Cork." Lord Burghley, the Treasurer, regarded with horror this latter policy of "putting man, woman and child to death." "The Flemings," he said, "had not such cause to rebel against the oppression of the Spaniards as the Irish against the tyranny of England." But the Lord High Treasurer talked in vain. In Limerick and Cork there were massacres. At Ardnary in Connacht there was open fighting. "The number of their fighting men slain and drowned that day we estimated and numbered to be fourteen or fifteen hundred, besides boys, women, churls and children, which could not be so few, as so many more and upwards."

For these activities Ralegh took his reward in the form of great Irish estates. The forests he cleared out and sold, cutting the wood into barrel-staves that were shipped to the wine-growers on the continent. But in the end these adventures prospered neither himself nor England nor Ireland. He who had laid waste the county of Cork was himself despoiled of his acres. He who had denied mercy to his own prisoners was a prisoner with Florence MacCarthy in the Tower. He sickened in prison and in the end died unjustly on the scaffold: and Munster became more Irish than ever.

Today the name of the man executed is not Plunckett. It is Plunkett, in 1916. Today the man who dies in Cork is not James Fitzgerald. It is, two weeks ago, Michael Fitzgerald. Today the name is not Florence MacCarthy. It is Terence MacSwiney.

When I read this morning that MacSwiney was dead, my mind went to those assassinations practiced against rebels by Walter Ralegh and his peers, and I thought of the assassination of the Lord Mayor of Cork, Tomas MacCurtain, in March, 1920.

When the Cork Corporation met to elect MacCurtain's successor, the man who proposed MacSwiney was—himself. A member of the Cork Corporation told me that after various names were canvassed MacSwiney rose to his feet and asked that his own election to the vacant chair be made unanimous. "My predecessor was murdered because he was the head of the Volunteers. That was a challenge. Now we must take up the challenge."

It was natural, once this challenge was taken up, that MacSwiney should be arrested and courtmartialled on the first opportunity. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for being in possession of "seditious literature" —namely, a copy of a public resolution that had been printed in the daily papers; for having not in his possession but "under his control" a copy of a cypher used by the police; and for some other equally impressive offence. His real crime was that he was "vehemently suspected of an intention to rebel."

What MacSwiney desired was, in effect, what Florence MacCarthy and James Fitzgerald and Plunckett desired in 1580. And from the present ruling class in England came the answer that came from Ralegh.

MacSwiney, it is clear, could have chosen to submit to imprisonment. He had everything to live for. He had no desire to die. He no more wished to go on a hunger-strike than Tomas MacCurtain wished to be murdered. He took no more joy in his ordeal than experienced soldiers take in the agonies of war. But by submission, by common-sense acquiescence in the power of strong governments, he knew that he paved the way for the re-conquest of his country. He knew that the moment he admitted impotence the strong government would thrust every Volunteer leader under lock and key. By his protest alone he could remind the world of the unchanged cause of Ireland—its struggle against military domination, its rudimentary right to government by the consent of the governed.

Many may feel this and yet regard MacSwiney's sacrifice as needless. This it is only on the easy surface of things. The task MacSwiney took in hand and sustained to death is a task that transcends Ireland and the limits of nationality. He won a triumph for the soul of man. His aim, we may say, was narrow and special. It was the political and national freedom of a small human group, a group in the nature of things intensely self-centred because intensely mal-adjusted and unhappy. But to this narrow and special aim, as the world sees it, he brought something stronger than imperial governments, deeper of root and prouder of blossom. Against him there were ranged all the hosts of conquest, those that of old had surveyed the broken and the tortured captives of Smerwick, the rotting head of Desmond—those triumphant troops leaning on their muskets and gazing at the bodies, six hundred in all, "stripped and laid out upon the sands." Of what avail those crowding hosts of conquest, whether with musket or machine gun! Yesterday came a Plunckett, today a Plunkett. Yesterday a James Fitzgerald, today a Michael Fitzgerald. Yesterday a MacCarthy, today a MacSwiney. He could not yield. He was of the brave men who give lineage to their incorruption. F. H.

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The Great Disillusion

Satan the Waster, by Vernon Lee. New York: John Lane.

NO light entertainment is offered by this closely printed and closely reasoned book. It is not the sort of book that is going to furnish conversation for the sophisticated twitterers who lie in wait for the Real Thing —those glittering social birds who get up so early to catch the literary worm. This particular book is not in their line. It talks of Tarde, Trotter, William James, Nietzsche, Durkheim, Wells, Shaw, Freud, Bertrand Russell, Ribot and all the other people whose names the twitterers know. But it does not talk of them with that glib accessibility which is the standard of style in Heartbreak house. Vernon Lee has a large set of ideas, a tough adhesion to them, an agglutinative mind. Her book is a remarkable representation of them, and consequently not a parlor toy.

Satan the Waster is called "a philosophic war trilogy with notes and introduction." The notes and introduction are general dissertation in the Shaw manner, pendent on the trilogy. The trilogy is dramatic in form and could, I imagine, be successfully acted. It begins with a Prologue in Hell, leads up to The Ballet of the Nations with Death as the ballet master, and ends with a crisp and scathing epilogue of a very amusing kind. Satan, the waster of human virtue, is the manipulator of this war drama. He cooks up the war, "out of good" finding "the means of evil." His collaboration with history and patriotism, with pity and indignation and heroism, sounds allegorical and flat. It is, on the contrary, novel in spirit and substance. Vernon Lee is undeniably sententious in manner, but never has she been less pompous than in Satan the Waster. The piquancy of her work, however, is not the thing to dwell on. It is the rich culmination in this volume of all the political and social criticism which for many years she has been maturing.

Vernon Lee is an Englishwoman, "proud to be numbered" among those who "originally opposed the war and afterwards clamored for a peace by negotiation, or at least a statement of war-aims." Into this book, around the allegory of Satan the true adversary of mankind, she has woven a coherent philosophy, a reading of life that takes into account the heroism and patriotism and self-sacrifice of the warring peoples and yet the filthiness and waste of war. The present mind of the civilized world (by which I find myself meaning the little world that reads the serious weeklies) is full of torturing incongruities. It agrees, on the whole, that war is "an incalculable evil, a stupid, obscene, superannuated thing, an artificially kept-up survival from the past, unfit for decent moderns." At the same time it remembers that in America most of the intellectuals did deliberately and proudly will America's participation in the war. This is only one of the haunting incongruities of the moment. Another is more intimate. The popular notion of a Young Crusader may have been sticky with sentiment, but in the service of America from April, 1917, till the denouement at Versailles there were thousands upon thousands of gallant and stalwart youths whose boast was that they were not "too proud to fight." And innumerable fathers and mothers whose god is not Moloch glowed at the thought of the heroism and sacrifice unostentatiously offered in the person of these youths. The present blind support of Cox in the hope that a League of Nations may somehow be extracted out of the muddle is partly a reflex of this mood. We enlisted our sons in "an incalculable evil, a stupid, obscene, superannuated thing, an artificially kept-up survival from the past, unfit for decent moderns." To keep our self-respect, to preserve our moral continuity, we *must* see decency come out of that indecency, or suffer a horrible disillusion. That is the frame of mind of a great many cultivated Americans at present. And yet from underneath their support of the lip-servant Cox they feel a surging suspicion that perhaps it was not morally profound to have willed participation in the war.

In that suspicion Vernon Lee seeks to confirm them. She thinks that participation in the war was morally shallow. She thinks it was collaboration of an under-educated and under-civilized kind with Satan the waster of human virtue. She thinks it was delusion. And to carry home her consistent idea that it was delusion she has the satisfying intellectual honesty to analyze not only marked-down goods like patriotism and nationalism and imperialism, but also all sorts of moral all-day suckers such as righteousness, chivalry, heroism, self-sacrifice, adventure, unselfishness.

"It is very easy," you may say, "to re-arrange one's ideas after the event. Anyone can be wise now." But these reflections of Vernon Lee's did not spring up since the Big Four met at the Versailles conference. Most of her philosophic comment preceded the armistice, as the dates testify. And her comment is, to the exclusion of all political discussion, philosophical. It proceded essentially from a dissatisfaction with trial by battle. It starts from a deep conviction that human maladjustments cannot be corrected or even remedied by force. The instrumentality of force, she says in a hundred different ways, has its own inevitable character, as Satan smilingly recognizes. It is the waste of human virtue, if not the consummation of vice. Out of force come certain consequences which prevent and defeat the purposes for which force was invoked. These consequences are not simply broken bodies and anguished souls, bad as such things may be. They are consequences involving passion and delusion, destroying the human compact and accepting the fatherhood of lies. The allegiances that force requires are irreconcilable with intellectual honesty. When war comes in, truth and civil liberty depart, and can never return until the principle of war is abandoned. To ask for civil liberty from a war president or a war government is to ask for a reaping machine that leaves the flowers.

These are trite ideas. Vernon Lee is not trite. Whether she is excavating the soft head of La Gloire or exploding the complacence of self-sacrifice, whether she is denuding the "high-bosomed" and much-corsetted Muse of History or examining the dilated heart of patriotism, she is to an astonishing degree the fresh and vivid exponent of a type of altruism for which most democratic people are persistently groping. Only she insists, as practically no public-spirited American managed to insist during the war, that this altruism means above everything "the importance of the alter, the other of otherness, to the ego." "Altruism takes into consideration the nature, apparent or conceivable, of that alter, and the feelings he is likely to have as well as, and perhaps in opposition to, the feelings we have about him."

Many who read this enormously stimulating and quickening book will, I think, agree as to "the unforeseen consequences of war between modern peoples"—"the hypocrisy, the unfairness, the self-stultification, the sin against Reality,

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involved in justifying it; in throwing all the fault on the other party and shutting one's eyes to one's own past commissions and omissions." Such readers will also agree quite readily to the need of moral courage as the first element in public-spiritedness; the need of "a constant overcoming of moral inertness and social cowardice, sometimes a painful facing of isolation and misunderstanding." And such readers will admit that patriotism is not an instinct but a seductive combination of impulses, passions and habits that, on the whole, make for war and against public-spiritedness. Yet granting this, granting that "to solace and sustain Man's spirit with a sufficiency of such emotions of greatness, significance, harmony and splendor, as are denied or charily doled out by life's reality; to brace, restore, make happy, whole and clean, by granting their heart's desire to those who have borne the brunt of reality's shortcomings, and steadily looked into reality's impassive, enigmatic face; this is the high, incomparable mission of the Muses, the lucidly inspired Sisters of him who is Sunlight and Prophecy, the great consoling Goddesses presiding over such perfection as Man, requiring it, recognizes as his own unreal handiwork"—still, the fact is obdurate that the "external world," though only a part of our mind, has a miserable way of demanding action. An unsuitable husband, in conflict with nothing more objective than "our desires, fears and preferences," may yet drive us to divorce—though he is only "part of our mind." It is sometimes easier to remove an object than accommodate ourselves to it, even if the removal is only removal from pressing consciousness. That bit of practicality, I feel myself, is not sufficiently accepted by Vernon Lee. It is not necessarily Sacro Egoismo that drives a person to divorce—or war.

But the virtue of this book is that it is too suggestive to be criticized effectively in one short page. It ought to be one of the real factors in that spiritual re-adjustment which is now a major democratic necessity.

F. H.

Primitive Society

Primitive Society, by Robert H. Lowie. New York: Boni and Liveright.

SCIENCE, like less orderly forms of ratiocination, is beset with catchwords, and we know that time and again science has dropped into these pitfalls of thought. Even as young a science as anthropology has a history of snares unrecognized; for thorough examination of formulary sources, whether naïve conceptualism or sophisticated rationalism, has not always been made by anthropologists. In Primitive Society the examination *is* made. Dr. Lowie is ruthless of formulas, popular and scientific, more particularly of the latter. Here and there he looks directly, if incidentally, at the acceptances of modern society, at the marriage of convenience, at connivance, at prostitution or at sentimental gallantry, but in the main he is concerned with probing the scientific, not the naïve, products of our contemporary bias.

Dr. Lowie shows in particular how the theory of evolution played havoc with anthropological observations and conclusions about the organization of primitive society, calling forth generalizations on sexual communism, on the inferior position of women, on communism in property, on the late development of rank or of the territorial tie, a brood of dogmas long since rejected as illegitimates by anthropologists, but by many others still cherished pragmatically for the emotional services they render.

Only today in the mail I find an invitation from a newspaper association to discuss the current economic and political activity of women as a return to the matriarchal system. In answer I have margined the letter, "When and where did the matriarchate exist?" See Primitive Society, pp. 189-191.

The analysis of the position of women in primitive groups will be of particular value to the reader who may have been bombed with argument, feminist or anti-feminist, claiming anthropological validity. The diametrically opposite views of savage woman as a slave or as a matriarch are both shown to be a travesty of the facts. In determining the status of women Dr. Lowie points out that distinct aspects must be considered, the general treatment of women, their legal status, their opportunities for public activity and their economic position. Correlations between any of these aspects are merely empirical. Legal or political or religious equality is not entailed, for example, by either drudgery or leisure. The Toda tribes-woman is a woman of leisure as was the medieval lady, but to the lady a not insignificant part in the religious life of the Middle Ages was open, whereas the Toda woman is almost completely excluded from the buffalo cult of her people.

To the discussion of the indisputable empirical correlations between stock-raising culture and the inferior position of women, Dr. Lowie brings the interesting suggestion that once the causal connection of low status for women and pastoral life was established it might well have spread as part of the pastoral complex. In other words, low status was only an historical accident, not a sociological necessity. The Hottentot stockraisers discriminate less against women than the neighboring Bantu where the women till the soil and should therefore occupy, according to economic theory, a superior position, facts favorable "neither to the doctrine that economic activity automatically raises women's status, nor to the theory that pastoral life as such prejudices her status." As Dr. Lowie adds: "The economic factor is perhaps an efficient cause, but at best it is only one of a series of determinants, so that its effects may be minimized and even obliterated by others. For example, a well defined religious tenet might retard or even prevent Hottentot acceptance of the sociological inferiority of woman though the people might willingly adopt the utilitarian essentials of the stock-raising complex." In the course of this discussion Dr. Lowie points out that the popular opinion that woman's status is a sure index of cultural advancement "is utterly at variance with the ethnographic data." The interpretation of menstruation taboos as an expression of contempt is also fallacious, he remarks, and adds, in my opinion with much less warrant, that the taboos may be even an expression of awe towards the periodic function.

Catchwords about property-holding in primitive groups are subjected to even closer scrutiny by Dr. Lowie than those about the status of women. Here again there are various aspects to be examined. "A people may be communistic as regards one type of goods, yet recognize separate ownership with respect to other forms of property . . . communism with respect to plantations may go hand in hand with complete individualism in point of chattels." Besides chattels and land, incorporeal property is considered, the kind of property in names or ceremonials which is so likely to be overlooked, to his loss, by the economist. For different classes of property there are different rules of inheritance, rules which develop, we are called upon to note, out of historical and psychological, not out of logical, processes.

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In these discussions and others on sex dichotomy, caste, government, etc., the viewpoint of multiplicity of origin, form, and growth in social organization is emphasized to the discrediting of the theory of unilinear development the evolutionists read so persistently into social facts. Similarities in culture are pointed out as due not to an inherent law causing all societies to evolve the same customs in a uniform sequence, but to the principle of historical diffusion, or to what has been called the principle of convergent evolution, the attainment of similarity from different starting points, "of like results achieved through different channels." Cited in illustration of convergent evolution is the practice of avoidance between daughter-in-law and father-in-law, as it occurs among the Kirgiz of Siberia and the Assiniboin, a North American Indian tribe. In Siberia the practice comes about from the junior levirate or marriage with the deceased husband's younger brother with taboo between sister-in-law and husband's elder brother and identification of husband's father with husband's elder brother and extension of taboo to the former; in the American tribe, since there is neither the junior levirate nor identification of husband's brother and father, the history of the taboo must be different. Another illustration is found in the practice of teknonymy, the calling of parents or other relatives after the children in the family. In one place, teknonymy may be the result of feminine inferiority; in another, of a paucity of kinship terms. Among the Ewes of the Gold Coast women are held in low esteem and neither wife nor sister may call her husband or brother by name. Teknonymy is a way out. The Hopi of our Southwest have few kinship terms for relatives by affinity. Teknonymy is again a way out.

In these cases as in others illustration is always kept in place as illustration, it never becomes argument. Principles or viewpoints are handled with equal skill, the didactic or dogmatic is avoided, indeed, let me say, with extraordinary skill. Dr. Lowie is critical of old categories, but not, like many a critic, merely to make way for new, he never handicaps himself with classification. Systematic as is his presentation of data, classification remains an instrument, never turns master. As he observes in regard to the different types of association other than family and clan, "it would be easy to group the facts in a series of separate compartments, but these categories would hinder rather than promote a synthetic understanding of social organization. What becomes of sex dichotomy in Australia, for example, where the exclusion from the ceremonial life is shared with the women by the uninitiated males, or, were we to hold rigidly to the principle of age-classes, how should we classify the bachelor's dormitory and men's club house of Melanesia, often a combined institution?

In its free method of exposition Primitive Society is a pedagogical masterpiece. And the exposition is admirably lucid. How quietly we are being led from the familiar to the unfamiliar when Dr. Lowie tells us that by and large matrimony is a civil not a sacramental institution or that polygamy is a wider term for plural marriage than polygyny. Treated with such preliminary patience, before he knows it the reader reaches comparatively intricate discussions of special topics like cross-cousin marriage or Australian marriage classes or matrilocal residence or types of clan organization. In other words the approaches are made so easy to you that very soon you are willingly and unsuspectingly following the scientist on his own terms.

That consummation is no small feat in teaching. But Dr. Lowie achieves even more, he succeeds in what perhaps is the high water mark of good teaching, he lets his students or readers in on what appeals in particular to his own curiosity and to a share in his processes of satisfaction. This invitation to partnership appears most plainly in the discussions on kinship nomenclature, on totemism, on age-class societies. Here Dr. Lowie may be found examining in the light of kinship nomenclature the theory of a dual division of a tribe as the earliest form of clan organization, or, after a scrupulous survey of totemic data, proposing to abandon the whole much confused complex and to study as specific problems the various systems of naming, of heraldry, and of religious or magical observances out of which the theory of totemism has been composed, or concluding that the military societies of the Plains Indians, so-called age-societies, have in reality been affected by other factors besides age, by the practice of purchasing privileges or by intertribal borrowing.

These topics and others are examined on the basis of surveys of ethnographical data as well as in connection with the most significant analyses already made by other anthropologists. The surveys are never overcrowded nor the critiques of earlier discussions over-detailed; and surveys and critiques are combined as only a master of anthropological literature could combine them. There is a useful bibliographical note which together with a note of page numbers at the conclusion of each chapter meet adequately the vexing question of bibliographical reference. The needs of the general reader would have been even more completely met had an ethnographical map been supplied or at least a topographical listing of the peoples cited.

Obviously Primitive Society will be a welcome book—at least to those who want to know *how* things are before asking *why* they are. Searchers for social generalizations will turn away disappointed. Having robbed these searchers of their principles of social progress, including that most cherished of rationalized convictions that other peoples must pass through the same stages as our own society, Primitive Society has nothing to offer in its concluding pages other than the thought that "to that planless hodge podge, that thing of shreds and patches called civilization, its historian can no longer yield superstitious reverence," he may only "dream of a rational scheme to supplant the chaotic jumble."—A compensatory dream?

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

Tension

Tension, by E. M. Delafield. New York: The Macmillan Co.

MISS DELAFIELD is a satirist, and she knows it. She does not attempt beauty of style or elevation of sentiment or any skilful entanglement of plot. Her field is a certain limited kind of portraiture, reminiscent of Daumier, and her best subject is the selfish and stupid woman itching for power; especially that terrible matron of the upper middle class who bullies husband, children, employees and committees, all for their own good and in that treacle manner sometimes known as womanly. Lady Rossiter, the central figure of Tension, belongs to this invincible breed. As Bertha Tregaskis Miss Delafield described her in The Pelicans, but there she was chiefly the impersonation of noisy benevolence. Lady Rossiter has claws under her platitudinous velvet. Her husband, Sir Julian, is chairman of the board of a commercial college, and the college staff is his wife's natural prey. She mothers them. She invites them to tea on Sunday afternoon. She takes them out nature studying, "to get them to see a little deeper, a little more into the heart of na-

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ture's beauty and wonderful, wonderful tenderness. . . ." She peers into their private lives—"a form of prurience sometimes decorated with such titles as 'the tender touch of a good, pure woman.'" She talks to them about their work, "It is so wonderful of you, I think, to be so devoted to your work. That is one reason why I love the society of workers. They are always so devoted to their work, and I think it is so wonderful of them." She quoted Browning at her husband whom she has long ago reduced to bitter taciturnity. She doesn't flirt, exactly, but "she had the trick, not uncommon to a certain type of woman, of assuming a more proprietary tone and manner when speaking to a man not her husband."

She is, in short, the complete unregenerate womanly woman, and when a human woman, Miss Marchrose, joins the college staff, and not only dares to have a will of her own, but dares to have a preference for Lady Rossiter's favorite professor, the tension begins. Miss Marchrose once, quite justifiably, jilted a cousin of Lady Rossiter's. This isn't much material, but it will do. Lady Rossiter persuades her conscious self that no such woman is fit to associate with pure young English maidens, and, leaving the charge undefined, she drops the conclusion into important ears. As a result the professor departs in a panic, and Miss Marchrose, in some fit of despair, marries a man she doesn't love.

The end is abrupt, and may be unsatisfactory to those who read Tension for any other reason than to watch Miss Delafield pillory objectionable characters. This she does most competently to Lady Rossiter, to a simpering young authoress, and to two dreadful children, but the nice people, it must be admitted, leave very little impression. That is a fault, still one forgives Miss Delafield much for the vicarious revenge she gives her readers on the Lady Rossiters they have known. S. T.

The West Indies

Roaming Through the West Indies, by Harry A. Franck. The Century Company.

MR. FRANCK has "done" the West Indies, thoroughly and joyously, from Cuba down to Trinidad. He has seen and heard in a few months all that an ordinary American could have seen and heard in several years. And he has written about his observations much more engagingly than any ordinary American could write. All of which means that Mr. Franck's departures from the usual American traveller's performance can be measured quite exactly in quantitative terms. There is nothing qualitative to set him apart. So, if the average American wants to know just what he would see and how he would feel in the West Indies, let him read Mr. Franck's book.

The net impression left by the book is that of a world beautiful in its physical features, infested with a population of a low order, morally and intellectually, politically conscienceless and corrupt and trifling in all that pertains to efficient living. Of course this characterization admits of degrees. Mr. Franck learned of sporadic cases of aesthetic culture which would be hard to match in America, and of business men who build up fortunes with a ruthlessness that ought to elicit our admiration. In spots, the life of the common people is not lacking in charm, and there is something pleasant as well as interesting in West Indian methods of dealing with the color line. Apparently Jamaica is at the bottom of the scale for sordid barbarism and Haiti a close second. But even in dealing with Jamaicans and Haitians, Mr. Franck is disposed to give the devil his due. The Jamaican blacks would not be such hopeless brutes if they had not been systematically exploited, and the Haitians would not have required so much "indiscriminate killing" if our forces had exhibited a little more tact and had understood better the psychology of the natives. Mr. Franck reasons in premises of white race superiority and imperialism. But he is a liberal imperialist and he recognizes that race superiority may be used to cover up a deal of arrogance and cupidity. He approves the prolongation of the period of limited autonomy in Porto Rico, and of the period of occupation in Santo Domingo and Haiti. Self-determination for the West Indies would appear a rather ridiculous idea to him. But he would make a great effort to educate the people, and would curb the exploitation of the masses both by men of their own race and by Americans.

On occasion Mr. Franck reminds one of Herodotus, in the marked distinction between the credibility of what he reports as of his own experience and the dubious quality of what he has got through hearsay. In his love of natural marvels, Mr. Franck is not the equal of Herodotus, if one excepts his accounts of malarial fevers "which follow not the cutting but the burning of the woodlands." But his moral marvels will match the dog headed men and the mud generated saurians of the father of history and travels. Note this account of the Haitian, according to the Cuban bon mot, "the animal which most nearly resembles man." "They have not a trace of gratitude in their make-up, no sexual morality, unbounded superstition, and no family love. Mothers gladly give away their children; if they ever see them again there is no evidence of gladness on either side."

If it could be assumed that American readers, like the readers of ancient Greece, would enjoy such yarns and do nothing further about them, there would be no harm in Mr. Franck's circulating them. But almost everything written nowadays, whether so intended or not, justifies action or spurs to action. American aggression upon Latin-America, always threatening, derives much of its moral urge from just such innocently intended travellers' accounts as Mr. Franck's. It is suggested by Mr. Franck, and wisely, that the officials representing our power in the West Indies should be selected carefully and trained properly, to avoid needless friction with the natives. But it would be even more conducive to our good relations with the nations south of us if our writers, on whom we must rely for an understanding of those peoples, received a training in the technique of social and moral observation that would make them immune against facile generalizations picked up in offices and clubs where inadequately adjusted expatriates air their wisdom. A. J.

Contributors

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